

Think About It by TheDinosaurNerd

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Hopper is a good dad, and Owens is an uncle now, and not a creepy one

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Characters: Bob Newby, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Sam Owens (Stranger Things)

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Summary:

Hopper visits Doc Owens in the hospital.

Think About It

The hospital room was quiet. Owens preferred it that way. His last night at Hawkins National Laboratory had been loud enough for a lifetime.

The sound of the door opening startled him, not that he could do anything about it. When Hopper walked in, he wasn't surprised, but he still had the strangest sense of relief.

"Morning, chief-o," he said. Hopper nodded his hat at the man. "How you holding up, old boy?" Owens chuckled. "I'm probably on every painkiller known to man, and my leg still hurts like hell." He sighed. He probably wouldn't walk properly for months.

Owens looked over at Hopper, who had taken a seat next to Owens' bed. He looked... distant. "You alright, chief? You don't look too good." Hopper sighed.

"We held Bob Newby's funeral today."

Owens nodded. The world had lost a good man. He had watched Bob die, and he would never unsee that as long as he lived.

"Next time you see Mrs. Byers... tell her I offer my condolences."

The room was silent for quite a while after that. Owens half expected Hopper to get up and leave, but he just sat there, thinking. Eventually, the older man broke the silence.

"You know, chief-o, I've been thinking about what you said. About the girl. Eleven, was it?"

Hopper looked at him, eyebrows raised.

"I read the file on her, back at Hawkins National. I don't know what my predecessor was thinking, but..." He sighed. "Brenner was mad. He and his whole staff. The things they did to that girl... I'm not exactly the most important person, but I have friends in high places. If there's anything I can do, to help her lead something of a normal life, I'll do it."

Owens held his arm out towards Hopper, and they shook hands. "Thanks, doc. That kid means more to me than anything."

Owens chuckled. "Is that so, chief? I'm jealous." Hopper laughed as he stood up. "Well, I got to go. Duty calls and all that. Take care of yourself." As he walked towards the door, Owens reached over to the table by his bed and grabbed his wallet. "Hey, chief, wait a minute." He pulled a bill out of his wallet and handed it to Hopper. "Buy that girl something, alright? Gift from good ol' Uncle Owens," he said, chuckling. Hopper nodded and stuffed the bill into his pocket, before walking back to the exit.

"You're a good man, Sam," he said as he closed the door.

Author's Note:

Doc Owens doesn't get enough attention as a character. I'm here to remedy that.

Comments are welcome.